Superstitious Women of Paris Never Pronounce One French Word Because of Its "Hoodoo"

"Guigne" Feared on Account of the Microbe of Bad Luck—Consulting the Elements on Mere Suspicion—French Specialists in Luck—Dolls Made of Dough Carried in Jeweled Powder Boxes and Handbags.

HERE goes the most superstitious woman in Paris," he said. We were walking in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The woman, imagining herself unobserved, stood and held something white up in the air.

"It is her visiting card," said my companion. "She is waiting for the wind to curve it, or the dust or rain to spot it. If the side that has her name is bent or spotted she hikes home without delay. She resorts to this when doubtful or uneasy. It is her sure sign bad luck is lurking. Just drops anything she has on hand and waits till after tea."

Thus she consults the elements on mere suspicion. She will not stay in a room with a red-bearded man, and has quit dinner parties on pretext of ill health when there was one. "Judas had a red beard," she explains. Nor will she do anything new or important the day she has seen a man with an arm in a sling or a bandaged head, or heard an old gray-haired man sing in the street or a cat mew in the house.

"She is Mme. Paul B——, one of the prettiest, most fashionable and up-to-date women of Paris," said my friend. "Yet her husband has to set his watch an hour ahead whenever he goes out with her. If a horse whinnies as she passes she stops and says it is a tip to play the races. She claims that all horses know what horse will win, and she can run $10 up to $100 quicker than any one I ever saw. Some call it luck; but I've seen her stop and look a cab horse in the face for three minutes at a time."

"Yes," I said, "but——"

"Oh, I don't know everything," he said. "Perhaps she counts the hairs in his nose. I tell you as I hear it. She lies in bed all day every Friday, like the Countess Daudod de P——."

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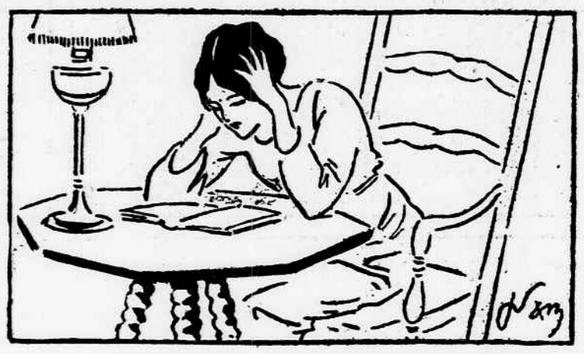
You have heard of those who will not begin any journey or commence a work of moment on a Friday; but some Paris women refuse every invitation for that day of bad luck. The countess makes a clean sweep. Every Friday of her life she lies all day in bed, just seeing nobody and doing nothing but eat bonbons, sleep and read a novel. She says that it



SHE SPENDS THE DAY READING HER DREAM BOOK.

does her health good. And she gains time to read her dream book.

"Mme. Paul says she wouldn't take a million dollars for the things she knows. When she meets a funeral she first says a short prayer, then retraces her steps half a block and makes for her destination by another route," explained the man. "If she meets a cross-eyed child under fourteen she does the same without the prayer. When any one sneezes in her presence she immediately says: 'God bless you!' Though this ancient politeness is common enough in Paris among acquaintances, it causes Mme. Paul embarrassment among strangers."

"Ah-ka-choo!" went some one in the paddock of the Longchamps race course one day.

"God bless you!" exclaimed the lovely French woman.

"A charming afternoon it is, mademoiselle!" he answered in good French, though being a ruddy-cheeked American boy, and he was surprised when she walked off with her nose in the air.

All this is but the outer edge of the great mystery of the guigne—pardon, the cherries—and I have risked its hoodoo by writing the word and you in reading it.

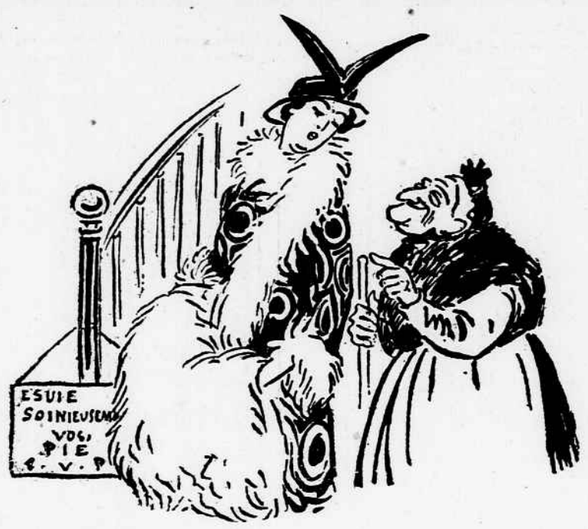
It is the one word of the French language that must never be pronounced.

You must say cherries.

It is the only thing that the beautiful women of Paris fear.

If you ask what it means you will be told it is bad luck, but it is more. In one sense it means the hoodoo. In another you may call it the aura of bad luck or the microbe of bad luck; and it is catching. In still another sense it is viewed as an intelligent entity that can be offended and placated. Also it may be fooled and baffled.

It can easily attach itself to certain places and objects. Thus an actress, Mlle. Lydia, rented a flat. It was a bad luck flat. She never felt safe in it. Her bull pup ran away; her sable mantle was stolen; she quarreled with two good friends; her auto broke down; she caught cold in the head. Finally, when a sore throat kept her in, she sought the advice of specialists.



SHE MAKES TALISMANS OF CORK AND TELLS YOU WHERE TO PLACE THEM.

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Alexandrine came with her drum. She beat around a while and said: "I can do nothing here. The flat is soaked with bad luck. You just quit it."

Mlle. Lydia forfeited her lease and moved out in an ambulance. Two days later the pup reappeared, the mantle was found, her friends became reconciled, the auto began running and one of her city of Paris bonds won $50 in the monthly drawing.

Children's toys bring good luck to grownups, especially if they are old toys, and particularly dolls of the past centuries. They are very expensive. Collecting them has become a mania.

"The good luck of the many little children who played with them clings to those toys like an aura," Mlle. Lydia told us. "The proof is that it works. I could tell you * * *"

Bad luck can attach to persons. If a person brings you bad luck, avoid that person. Avoid those who suffer from bad luck.

Like her friend Aurore, she keeps tab on new acquaintances.

"I keep a little notebook," she admits, "and I see no harm in jotting down the date I make any new acquaintance. In a parallel column I note the good and bad things happening to me, with the dates. When I find the dates getting to correspond, why, I find it prudent to act in consequence!"

I talked over these mysteries with the man who knows all about Paris.

"That's nothing to the case of the Greek boy to whom Aurore gave the reputation of the evil eye," he said. "It drove him from Paris. He was well in the swim until he met Aurore. She refused his acquaintance.

"'He has the evil eye!' she said, and soon everybody got to repeating it.

"You know what the evil eye is? It's a man who cannot help bringing bad luck; and it's so contagious that a single glance from him, if delivered straight and right, will start the trouble. Such men are known by a peculiar look in their eyes. From that hour the Greek boy's name was scratched off the book, and he found himself alone in Paris."

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They are not heartless. They would suffer one piece of bad luck for a friend, but they dread the series.

There you are—the series; or in other words, the cherries. Originally it was a Parisian theatrical superstition applying particularly to new pieces.

From the first rehearsal to the final ringing up of the curtain, every soul connected with the new pieces was careful to do nothing that might bring on the subtle seeds of bad luck; that is to say the guigne. Guigne in the dictionary means persistent bad luck, but it is also a kind of cherries.

To pronounce the word was found to be particularly unlucky. Bizet laughed at the superstition during the preparation of "Carmen," and at its last rehearsal he walked to the center of the stage and exclaimed: "Zut for the guigne!" Every one knows the otherwise unaccountable frost of the great opera during its early representations—and how Bizet committed suicide, imagining it would never be a success.

The French have several names for cherries. What we call ox hearts they call bigarro; what we call pie cherries they call cerises. Cerises is the general name for the fruit, but a big, black, juicy variety is named the guigne. The word is spelled and pronounced the same as the word for bad luck. Therefore, instead of saying "guigne," they always say "cherries."

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There are specialists in luck.

The series of bad luck can be broken and the specialists know the best ways to do it. Alexandrine comes to your house every morning for six days and beats a drum in a peculiar manner. She is expensive and requires appointments. An old janitress in the rue de Babylon makes talismans of cork and tells you where to place them. If you don't place them just right it's all wrong.

Now you will see them all wearing talismans.

Amparito F—— has a chrysoprase with a star engraved on it mounted in a ring which she never takes off. Note it is a brand-new chrysoprase, not recut, because this peculiar stone, which brings good luck when it has not come under evil influence, can also carry the * * * cherries. If you don't believe it ask the Louvre museum curator.

It was by the aid of an emerald engraved with a ram, says Mlle. Lydia, that Methuselah lived to be the oldest man, and the prophet Aaron wore an amethyst engraved with a bear in a belt. Mlle. Lydia has all this from traveling in the mountains of Greece. The horses of the stagecoach began balking on the edge of a precipice, to the danger of every one, when a young Turk jumped from his seat, braced a hind wheel with a big stone and calmed the horses on the edge of the abyss.

"I have done no act of courage," he said. "I did not risk my life at all. I wear an amulet that protects me from accidents."

And with this he showed a crystal suspended from his neck. It was engraved with a bear and a bunch of grapes.

All right; they wear such talismans ostentatiously and brag about their virtues, yet if you are at a luncheon, dinner or supper party with one of these women watch her closely and you'll see her secretly fingering a ball of bread crumb underneath the tablecloth.

You know the soft part of bread. Kneaded in the fingers it becomes like dough or putty.

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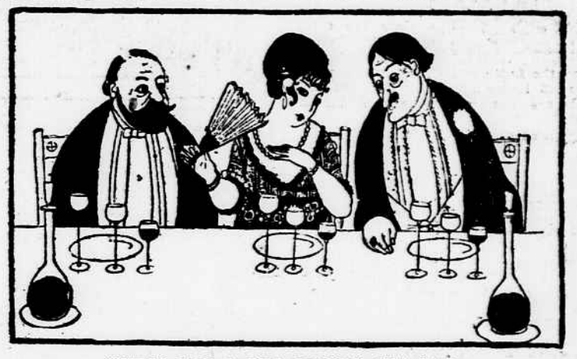
Dough! Mysterious stuff! Witches in all ages used it for their spells. The Italian sorcerer of Catherine de Medicis made a dough doll with a crown on its head to win the love of Marguerite de Valois for the unfortunate Mole. Charles IX was mortally hoodooed by his enemies sticking pins in a dough doll mystically named after him.

Dough dolls are not things to brag about. A woman may show her jewel talisman to one and all, but underneath the tablecloth she kneads the bread ball into a dark secret.

The bread ball takes a shape behind the tablecloth. It may be a rude heart or a disk (meaning money, the shape of a gold piece), or an animal (one big lump for the body and five little ones stuck on for legs and head) to make her fiance win at the races. Frequently when it has a form it is the antique dough doll, which she names for a person loved or hated, and her sentiment pours out upon the occult object while she laughs and chats.

Probably if you could search the handbags, pockets or jeweled powder boxes carried by these superstitious women you would oftenest find the simple, formless ball of dough.

It is just to keep away bad luck.



"JUDAS HAD A RED BEARD," SHE SAID.

PRESERVING THE AMERICAN TRIBES IN PLASTER AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

THE colors that mark the complexions of the groups of representatives of American Indian tribes in the glass cases at the National Museum seem as indelible as the memory of an unkind word from the lips of a friend.

One wanders up and down the spacious corridors in the ethnological section of the museum and pauses for a moment here and for a longer time there, admiring the people represented. If one is a woman she wishes she had some of the exquisite bead work that adorns the clothing of the figures. Or if one belongs to the stronger but equally humanly covetous sex, he is apt to wish his figure were as perfect and his muscles as finely developed.

Few stop to think of the labor, research and skill that must be brought to focus before these pleasing groups are ready for exhibition. All these human elements must have the ripening influence of Father Time before the thing as a whole is in shape, but so skillful have been the minds and hands that had a part in the making of these groups that the highest attainment in art has been accomplished, "the art that conceals art."

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While many people are engaged in making a group a perfect unit as a finished product, the original idea of what shall be shown must necessarily come from one brain, one directing power. In the case of the anthropological exhibit, that power is William H. Holmes, head curator of the National Museum. Under his direction seventeen groups have been made illustrative of the tribes from the most northern point of land on the western hemisphere, down across the plains through Mexico and Guatemala and on to Brazil and the far-off peninsula of Patagonia.

Ideas come to all, but not all the most cherished ones are so practical as those of Prof. Holmes. He knows what he wants—knows definitely just what tribes are most typical of a section of country—and knowing that is a big step along the way; but it is the first one only. Life masks and photographs of many members of the tribes in question must be taken, individual pictures as well as family groups, and of the accessories of the group as it is to appear when finished.

Sometimes the photographs of as many as thirty or forty people are necessary to get what is required for the composite group—or rather as a working nucleus for those who take up the work where the photographer leaves off with his developed and printed picture.

"Will you tell me something of the process of the making—the actual construction of these groups?" the interviewer asked Prof. Holmes.

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"That," he replied, "you can best ascertain by visiting the workrooms downstairs, where Mr. Egberts puts the finishing touches on them. Or you could visit the studio of Mr. Dunbar, where the figures are cast."

"Does Mr. Dunbar work entirely from drawings, or——?"

Prof. Holmes grasped the thought of the question before the words were uttered, and he interrupted just where the interviewer wished to be stopped.

"The figures are all posed for by living models. They are exact as to detail of eyes and expression. There is nothing left to guesswork when the figure is being made, and you will find the anthropological laboratory on the ground floor," he added.

The interviewer found Mr. Egberts and his assistant in the laboratory surrounded by casts in all stages of nudity and in all poses. There were the white plaster casts just as they were received from the sculptor, recumbent figures, men playing at ground games and boys in plaster, who looked as ready for a "frolic or a fuss" as the bluejackets of the United States navy.

"Our principal work comes in the coloring of the figures," Mr. Egberts explained, "in painting the skins the correct shade of aboriginal flesh and in preparing the figures for their clothes."

"Do you coat the figures with wax?" was asked.

"By no means. Wax is not used in these days, nor would it be possible to use such a medium in this climate. We oil the figures after polishing off their skins with a preparation, and after the oil has dried in we are ready for the paint brush; that is, after all the extremities have been properly attended to."

Scattered around the laboratory are casts of arms, legs and other parts of human anatomy, as well as innumerable busts and heads of prehistoric and present-day tribes. When the figures are ready for their clothes and accessories about two-thirds of the process of their preparation is completed, but the other third is most important, for the seemingly little things are a vital factor in the make-up of a perfect picture.

No society belle getting ready for her presentation at court has more time and infinite pains put upon her wardrobe than do these lay figures, for every detail of dress and adornment must be correct as to texture, color and arrangement of drapery.

"Come with me and we shall see how a group actually grows," said Mr. Egberts, leading the way to the main floor where the cases containing the chief anthropological exhibit are located.

"Lend a hand here, Oscar," he said to the colored assistant who was working behind one of the cases, and there, when the two men had shoved the case to one side, was a motley array of parts and accessories, implements of Indian warfare and household goods of a simple kind, bowls and the ever-present "piki" stone upon which the meal is prepared.

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Passing around to an alcove formed by other cases, the interviewer came to the particular case for which many of these things were to be used. There in the corner was the typical chimney place of the Hopi Indians, the chimney formed of discarded earthen cooking pots with the bottoms broken away and the pots piled one upon another. It is one of the most primitive forms of chimney, but with a distinctly modern flavor, for the Hopi housewife does not believe in having her tent smoked up, so she has a hood made to carry off the smoke and other odors.

After the main parts of the background, or setting, have been completed the figures are placed in position and their clothing arranged in the most natural folds and puckers. Then comes the distribution of the instruments of labor, whether they be household utensils or the settings for a sylvan scent; and finally the earth, or, if the picture be of the indoors, the floor covering is arranged, the door closed and locked and the scene is ready for your admiration.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON INDIAN FIGURES.

The family group, the men, women and children, in their homes at their everyday occupations, has been chosen as the best method of showing to this and future generations something of the lives of the people who were Americans before America existed as such. One of the most attractive groups in the collection is that of Chilkat Indians. These people live on the Lynn canal in southeastern Alaska, and were selected by Prof. Holmes because they are the only type that still retains in a measure the aboriginal costume. They have commercial relations with their neighbors over the mountains, the Athapascan family, and obtain from them horns and the wool of the arctic goat.

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The famous Chilkat blankets are not woven upon a loom, but the foundation strands are suspended from a bar of wood and fall free at the ends. Strange as it may seem, there is a process similar to that used in making gobelin tapestry in the construction of a genuine Chilkat blanket, the figures being woven and inserted separately. The man in the group who is being offered food from a quaint, wooden, hand-carved dish is wearing one of these artistically valuable blankets, and the head of the family, seated while carving a mask, has another less elaborate one about his shoulders.

The Hupa group of northwestern California represent the mixed tribes of California and Oregon, and stand physically between the large-bodied Sioux and the undersized Pueblo. They are represented in the act of preparing the evening meal, the man in the act of lighting a fire by the "twirling drill" and the women of his household pulverizing the freshly gathered acorns, which form a major portion of their food.

From an artistic, as well as an instructive point of view, the Patagonian group of Tehuelche Indians stand out prominently in the collection. Here the head of the family, clad in a skunk skin robe, is ready to mount his horse; his wife has already mounted and the child is putting the halter on her pet ostrich preparatory to breaking camp and moving to other parts.

The collection is not yet complete, and it is the hope of the curator that at no far distant date the museum will be able to perpetuate the races of other countries than America by collections representing the family and the home environment of the various peoples of the earth.

Hold Your Umbrella Up.

"THERE are a great many persons injured on windy, rainy nights because they hold their umbrellas down in order to protect their faces from the driving rain," explained an ambulance surgeon. "In their effort to be protected from the rain they place themselves in grave danger of being struck and run over by surface cars, automobiles and other vehicles.

"If you wish proof of my assertion just stand in a doorway some night where you are protected from the rain and where you are in a position to see an expanse of thoroughfare which all kinds of vehicles use. You will be surprised at the large number of persons you will notice crossing the thoroughfare with their umbrellas held down so far that it is impossible for them to see anything approaching. They seem oblivious of danger, and a spectator would suppose from their actions that there was not the remotest chance of an accident occurring.

"It is a fact that many pedestrians are injured on windy, rainy nights. With their umbrellas pulled down so that it is impossible to see ahead or to the sides, the pedestrians walk in front of vehicles and are knocked down and injured before they realize what has happened."

A Lesson From History.

F. IRVING FLETCHER, at one of the Sphinx Club's dinners in New York, began a historical review of advertising with the words:

"None understood the value of advertising better than Samson. Samson took two solid columns. The result was that he brought down the house."

Mme. Van Rappard, Wife of Minister From the Netherlands, a Diplomat and a Good Housekeeper

She Loves to Dig in the Garden and Keep Her House in Order—What She Thinks of America and American's—Is Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

WHAT interests me especially about Americans," said Mme. van Rappard, wife of the new minister from Netherlands, "is their wonderful activity. Such a vigorous nation I have never seen before! And with it all, the young women are as fresh and beautiful as flowers!

"My daughter goes to dances and balls in the evening, comes home late and remains in bed until late the next day to get 'slept out,' as we say in Dutch. I go out shopping in the early morning and see the young American ladies who have been dancing the evening before equally as much as my daughter looking so wide awake and active that I marvel at them. Our women at home could never do this. They seem to require more rest than the Americans."

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"Perhaps," suggested Mlle. Ernestine, the charming young daughter of the minister, who happened to be in the drawing room at the time her mother was speaking, "the difference is due to the climate. American air seems to be so much more stimulating than that of Europe. I myself have felt the difference though we have been here but a short time."

Both madame and her daughter are two of the most interesting acquisitions that diplomatic society in Washington could ever hope to meet. In the first place, they speak charming and fluent English, sprinkled here and there with a French bonmot that seems to lend just the correct foreign atmosphere to their conversation.

Secondly, they have had unlimited and enviable experiences which provide them with interesting, original topics for discussion. Lastly, they are intensely progressive. This quality is undeniably the link which will bind them closely to their American associates.

After a stay in America of only three months, they were able to answer in no uncertain fashion almost every question put to them concerning their impressions of American habits and institutions with a promptitude that revealed keen, ready intelligence.

"From what I have been able to judge," said madame, when asked to tell what she thought of us, "I am of the opinion that the American mind is especially inventive. You excel the world in wonderful invention. I think you are more capable along that line than in art.

"You are so quick, so alert; you see to the heart of things at once. On the personal side, your sincerity reinforces the expression of this quality. On the professional side it causes you to experiment with and make things.

"Now, I do not say," cautioned madame, "that you are lacking in artistic perception. I am not qualified to speak of that, for I have not studied your art; in fact, I have not yet been able to visit any of your galleries. But it seems to me, with my limited opportunity for observation, that invention is the pre-eminent American accomplishment."

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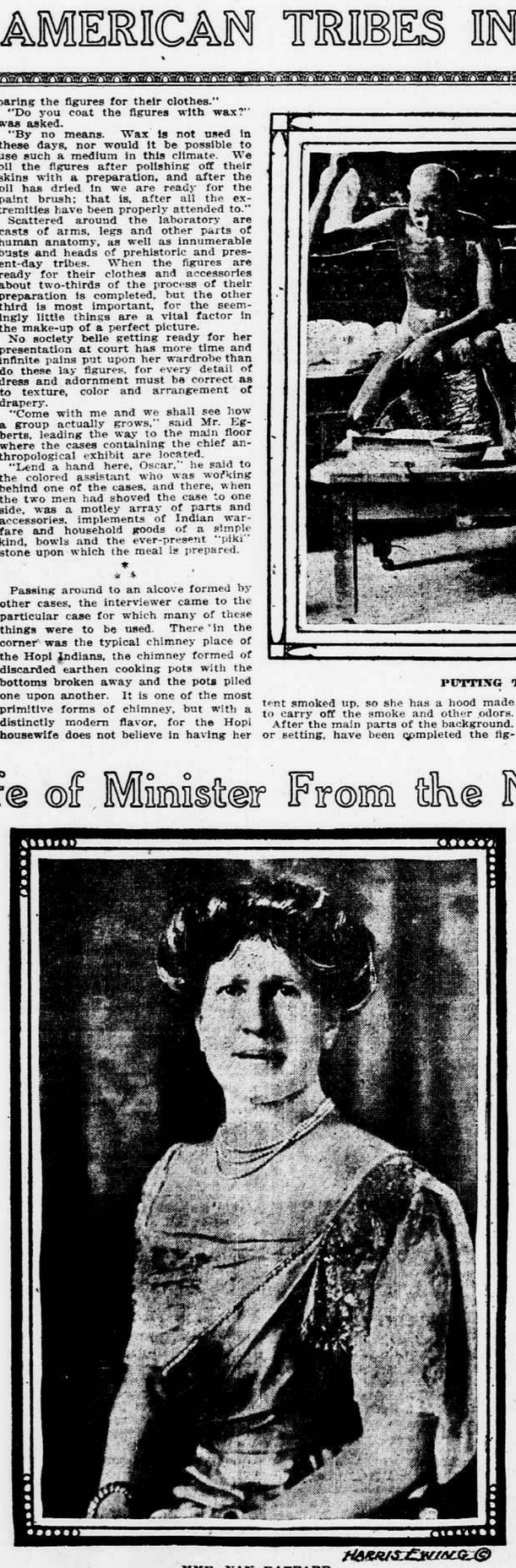
The last post which M. van Rappard held before coming to the United States was situated at Morocco. There his family lived on a large estate stocked with monkeys, oxen, horses and dogs. Madame did much of the gardening. She also kept bees.

Before the period of their residence in Morocco they lived at Brussels, Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg. Madame is enthusiastic about all of these cities. She would return tomorrow with pleasure, she said, to any of them.

Apropos of her gardening ability, madame was asked if she was an expert tulip grower, as are so many of the Dutch ladies. She replied that she knew how to take care of tulip bulbs as well as any of her countrywomen, but that she must admit they were not her favorite flowers. Roses and carnations are to her much more beautiful. She does not, however, limit her experience with flowers to mere admiration of them. She gets out and really digs in the soil. As for bee raising, she says that she found it most diverting, and realized quite an encouraging amount of success with them.

But the most interesting thing that either madame or her daughter was able to tell of Morocco was the fact that the people there were doing the tango, the fishwalk and the hesitation waltz.



MME. VAN RAPPARD,
Wife of ambassador from the Netherlands.

"Oh, yes," put in Mlle. Ernestine, "we were doing them at all of the balls. I am glad, for now that I am in America I am prepared to do the new steps. I love dancing. The American girls are so graceful, and they dress so beautifully that I think I am more enthusiastic about your balls than anything else."

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Both madame and mademoiselle are learning to run a motor car. They have lately purchased a new machine. Riding and driving are also favorite recreations with them. They are fond of the vigorous sports, and are clever linguists, speaking French, German and Italian. Mademoiselle can follow a conversation in Arabic, one of the most difficult of languages to learn, but can speak only a little of it.

"I do not care for golf," she said. "It is so tedious to walk about as one must do in golf. I like something more exciting. Do we have any new games abroad that Americans have possibly not heard of? No. On the other hand, new games are more liable to originate here than abroad. Over there we are constantly hearing about the new things people are doing in America, and we learn them so that you will not get ahead of us.

"We like the theater. The American theaters are wonderful. Your actresses are all so pretty. Why, in Berlin one sees old, ugly women in the operas. Here all of the singers are young and beautiful."

Mme. van Rappard is a native of Holland. She lived in the country as a child on her father's farm.

"I am most interested in my home. I have reared my daughter also to put that above everything. Dutch women are housewives above all else. I personally supervise every undertaking in my household. I was brought up with the idea that my linen closet was the most important thing in life. It must be in perfect order—with my sheets, towels, napkins and tablecloths arranged just so, in even piles, with the hems on the same side—or I should be disgraced. This idea was bred in me. I was saying to Ernestine only this morning that we must begin to look after the linen closet here at the legations and arrange it as I have always been taught to do."

Mme. van Rappard is of medium height. She has gray hair and dark eyes. She is cultured and intelligent. Her English diction is wonderfully well chosen and expressive. Her enunciation is clear and correct. She is one of the most gracious of women.

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Mlle. Ernestine is tall and svelt. She has brown hair and bright eyes. She speaks with the animation of a Frenchwoman. A joyous smile continually illumines her countenance.

"We like Washington so much," she said. "The large squares, the broad, sweeping streets both remind me of Berlin more than any city I have ever visited. New York I can compare to nothing I have even seen before. We were there only two days, but we were aghast. The buildings, the traffic, the elevators, the street cars above and below, the rush and bustle appalled us. We had just come from a quiet farm in Holland, and it was a human impossibility to bridge the extreme. I am reserving another trip to New York until later."

It was impossible to leave madame without putting the inevitable question—Has the feminist movement invaded Holland?

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"I am sorry to say," answered madame, "that it has. The movement is beginning to arouse women at home."

Judging that madame was not in sympathy, she was asked what were her objections to woman suffrage.

"I can't understand," she replied, "what women expect the men to do after they assume their responsibilities in government. If they usurp the man's place what will he do? Nurse the children and keep house, I expect. That does not seem to be fitting, and yet to me it seems the inevitable outcome.

"I believe that women are intelligent, but their minds work best along different lines from those of men. In The Hague we have a few woman attorneys. They are considered splendid ones, too. But I think women's ambitions should lead to home and not to government. As for the unmarried women who must work, I think they can be happy and useful without the right to vote as well as with it."

Vine-Covered Walls in Washington

A STROLLER through the streets of Washington would not now call the capital a vine city, though here and there patches of ivy-covered wall and the privet hedges, not all leafless, and the lawns, some of which have green mingled with their gray, in cheering the April prospect. The Rambler wrote last autumn that "Washington city is being overrun with vines. This bit of information will be received by many persons with a sense of wonder, but it is a simple statement of fact. If the vines that grow in the National Capital could be untangled and spun in one green thread, that thread could be looped around the world. The remarkable increase in the vine growth of Washington is so conspicuous that it has not escaped the notice of the crudest amateur in botany and has attracted the attention of many persons who do not know a pine tree from an oak. If the present rate of vine culture is maintained there will be, a quarter of a century hence, scarcely a bare wall in the city."

Much of the vine growth is bare of foliage, and the brown twigs and branches make a mournful, though, of course, not a hopeless, lacework net over acres of brick wall.

During the winter the advantage of true ivy above the "southside" ivy, the Ampelopsis veitchii, and those other so-called ivies which are really members of the grape family, is manifest. The real ivy is green and refreshing to the eye in a season when verdure is rare.

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A growth of ivy is spreading over the walls of the marble terrace of the Capitol and has woven a thick mat on the walls of the terrace approach at the northeast corner of the building. The Tuckerman-Porter house at the southwest corner of I and 16th streets is green with ivy, and there also grows a hardy evergreen vine which the Rambler has been told is the Evonemus radicans, a rare vine in this country. Ivy spreads its green mantle over the lower part of the John Hay house at the northwest corner of H and 16th streets, and ivy is struggling for its life on the foundation of and the garden walls at the west side of the Corcoran house at the northeast corner of H street and Connecticut avenue. English ivy has woven itself over the walls of a handsome house at Decatur place and 20th street.

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On the north front of the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, on Kalorama road just off Columbia road, true ivy has laced itself over the pebble-dash wall of the church building. The low-roofed, broad, brick church at the northwest corner of Connecticut avenue and Bancroft place is giving encouragement to ivy, and on the new part of that church on Connecticut avenue northward of the older part of the building ivy cuttings have recently been planted and they are being trained, so that before long the raw, cold red of the new bricks will be ivy-grown.

There is a big handsome red brick house, 1725 Connecticut avenue, on which grows a fine evergreen vine, which appears to be the same as that on the Tuckerman-Porter house.

The Thropp house, at the northeast point of the intersection of Connecticut avenue, 20th and R streets, is being laced over with true ivy. For a number of years this house has been covered with southside ivy, and in summer has been veiled with the dense green of this vine and in autumn has been picturesque with the deep red and wine colors of foliage. The southside ivy was planted there for quick results and a little later true ivy was planted, and this is gaining headway and is supplanting the quicker-growing, but less hardy vine.

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Around Dupont Circle, off the northeast section of the circle, ivy is being cultivated on the Leiter and the Patterson houses. Off the southerly side of the circle ivy has been planted at the foundation of the Bradley house, and soon the brick walls of that structure will be hidden from view.

You will find ivy growing on the light-colored house at the northeast corner of Rhode Island avenue and 17th street, and also on the large house, 1703 Rhode Island avenue.

In some parts of Washington, nearly always on the shady side of the streets, you will see ivy lawns—that is, a lawn has been built up of matted ivy because, on account of the shade and the rain drippings from the trees, it has been difficult or impossible to grow thick, bright grass. In front of 1730 Massachusetts avenue there is a semi-circular ivy plat between the sidewalk and the curving driveway which passes from the street to the doorway of the house. The front yard of the fine yellow brick house close to the corner of Massachusetts avenue and 17th street is an ivy plot. There is another semi-circular ivy lawn between the pavement and the circular driveway in front of a house on K street, three doors east of 17th street.

On 15th street may be seen several of these ivy lawns, and that in front of 915 15th street has long been one of the botanical features of that block.